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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Telegrams.

While the proud sun, with slowly-dialled hours,
Leads on the weary day, followed by weary night,
Triumphant lightnings flash across Time's course,
And all the nations in one day unite.

In vain roars ocean with tumultuous waves :
Beneath its tempests speeds a silent voice,
With words to hush a million hearts in grief,
Or bid the millions in one hope rejoice.

While conquering armies sweep across the plain
Pursuing in hot haste the scattering foe,
O wounded men, dying with no friend near,
Know that some far-off stranger mourns your woe.

To thee, sad dweller in a foreign clime,
Striving with memories to cheer thy heart,
Swift as thy longings a fond message comes
Straight from thy home, to say how loved thou art.

E'en while he speaks the statesman's words are borne
To distant lands ; far from the listening throng
Great sympathies are roused and bright eyes glow,
As he with eloquence condemns the wrong.

While answering pulses circle round the earth,
How lonely do we wander day by day !
Is there no fire of thought, subtler than words,
That can from soul to soul its currents play ?

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Hans Guido von Bülow.

HIS LIFE AND WORKS.

It is a fact worthy of notice that the fame of pianists who are not also composers, seldom extends beyond their own country. Photography reproduces imperfectly for us the works of architects, sculptors and painters. Printing reproduces perfectly the works of authors and composers ; but the real presence of a pianist, as of a tragedian, is a necessity for his full or even partial appreciation. The inability to travel to all parts of the world is therefore the first great cause of the limited fame of pianists ; and the second cause is that they are after all only translators of other men's compositions, or readers aloud, and must inevitably enjoy only the fame of being good interpreters, and not that of invention or original production. But when the performer becomes also composer, he avails himself of the already mentioned advantages of the composer, and becomes famous more readily. Thus it happens that there are but two pianists living who have a world-wide reputation as musicians, Liszt and Thalberg.* Rubinstein has a European reputation which bids fair to become world-wide. Yet all Englishmen are proud of Halle. The North Germans boast of Taussig. Parisians praise Planté. Italians recognize a great artist in Petrelli, and the South Germans are justly proud of Bülow, who is equal perhaps to any of the above-mentioned as a pianist, and superior as director of an orchestra. The principal facts in his life are as follows : He was born in Dresden, Saxony, January 8th, 1830, and did not display any peculiar talent for music un-

til his ninth year, when he was dangerously ill with brain-fever, and immediately after his recovery he showed a wonderful power of reading music at sight. He studied under Wieck and Litoff, and later under Eberwein and Hauptmann. In 1846 he went to the Lyceum at Stuttgart ; in 1848 to the Leipzig University ; and in 1850 to Berlin, with the intention of studying law. Later in 1850 Bülow went to Weimar and witnessed the first representation of Wagner's "Lohengrin" given under Liszt's direction. For the next few years Bülow was the protégé of Liszt and Wagner, the latter giving him very often pecuniary support, which his parents were unwilling to do on account of their dislike to his newly chosen profession, to which they became reconciled after a few years. He made several musical tours in Europe, and was enthusiastically received. He became in 1854 head professor of the Piano department in the Berlin Conservatorium. In 1857 he was naturalized as a Prussian citizen, and in the same year he married Liszt's youngest daughter, Cosima, the child of the Countess d'Agout. In the following year he was appointed court-pianist at Berlin. In 1864 he created a great sensation in Russia both as an orchestra director and as pianist. In the same year Bülow went to Munich, and was appointed pianist to the King of Bavaria. In 1866 Bülow followed Wagner to Lucerne, but returned in 1867 to take the position of Court chapel-master, director of the opera, in which position he gained fresh laurels in bringing out Wagner's "Meistersinger," and many other operas. In 1869 Mme. von Bülow concluded that she would like to change husbands ; so she left Munich and went to live with Richard Wagner at Lucerne. Soon after a divorce was pronounced by the Bavarian Courts, and Von Bülow came to Florence, where he has been ever since and now is. Besides the honors already mentioned he has been decorated Knight of the Order of St. Michael (Bavarian), Member of the Prussian Order of the Crown, Member of the Order of the House of Hohenzollern, Receiver of the Mecklenburg Gold Medal, Doctor of the Faculty of the Jena University, Corresponding Member of the Dutch Musical Society, etc., etc., etc.

As a man of society Von Bülow is genial and pleasant, often striving to be witty, and succeeding occasionally. He has much affected modesty, and is seldom capricious about performing in private. His personal appearance is not peculiarly prepossessing. He is below the average height and of rather a slight figure. His head is proportionately large, and his face an egg-shaped oval, being immensely broad behind the eyes, and sloping inward toward the forehead and chin. His features are regular and his eyes, which are rather small, but prominent, have a most laughing expression. He is slightly bald and wears a mustache and goatee. His movements are all quick and nervous.

As a critic and teacher Von Bülow has been very successful. In 1849 he wrote frequently for

the Berlin "Abendpost," and later for the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," and his musical criticisms are considered in Germany as thoroughly sound and reliable. He gives lessons at high prices to students who have already made considerable progress, and who exhibit a real talent for music. He is very severe and brings his scholars forward rapidly and thoroughly. He scolds his young lady pupils usually to the crying point, by telling them that they play miserably, and don't learn and don't practise ; but they do learn wonderfully under his tuition, notwithstanding the loss of tears and the exhaustion which such a drain produces.

As a composer Von Bülow has not published very many works. They number only between twenty and thirty. The most celebrated of them are the "Overture and Music to Shakespeare's Julius Caesar ;" "The Singer's Curse" for orchestra ; "Nirvana," numerous piano pieces ; songs for single voices and for chorus ; besides two concert duos for piano and violin. He is however better known for his arrangements and transcriptions, among which we should mention the piano arrangement of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde," Gluck's "Iphigenia in Aulis," and many other productions of Wagner, Liszt, Handel, Bach and Berlioz.

As Director of an orchestra Bülow is without a superior. He has a knack of inspiring his musicians with ambition, and a wonderful talent in discovering just where the weak parts are, besides a deep and thorough knowledge of the music even to the most insignificant note of the least important instrument. Sometimes when leading he seems possessed with some musical sprite or genius, and utterly to forget the audience. The superb rendering of Wagner's operas at Munich, during the past few years, is alone sufficient proof of his ability as director, and many others are not wanting.

As a Pianist, however, Von Bülow is best known, and shares the honors of Europe with Rubinstein and Taussig. He is very fond of devoting an entire evening to the works of a single composer only, thus making a study of his style. In this way we have often heard him play for two hours only the works of the profound Beethoven ; another evening only the music of the less thoughtful, more melodious and pastoral Schubert ; again that of the eccentric Schumann, of the poetic Mendelssohn, of the melancholy Chopin, of the labyrinthine Bach ; another time, the finger gymnastics of Liszt. We have heard him, in short, play every style of composition except the trivial, and except his own ; and in passing we may say that this habit of not playing his own productions is as pleasant as it is rare in an artist. We have had therefore full opportunity of appreciating Bülow. And first of all it must be said that he is not a very uniform player. His nervous nature is often excited to put forth every effort and to perform with his whole soul, and sometimes he relaxes almost into mediocrity. He is not universally but usually brilliant. His memory is really

* This was written a few months before Thalberg's death.

wonderful. In the numerous times that we have heard him he has *never* used notes, and not only does he play for hours at a time the most difficult compositions of Bach and Beethoven without notes, but sustains his piano part in trios and quartets, and sometimes even directs an orchestra with no music to aid his memory. Several times however we have heard him vary from the written music, either intentionally or otherwise, in which cases he repeated a phrase until he remembered the exact harmonies, or improvised a few chords, and continued farther on. Of course this was done so cleverly and smoothly that no one would notice the variation unless he were very familiar with the music. Von Bülow's executive ability is beyond praise. It is often said that he is not equal to Taussig in very difficult octave passages. It is also said that in comparison with Rubinstein he lacks delicacy in piano passages; that Bülow can render a piano passage entirely piano, but that Rubinstein can put crescendo and decrescendo into the same passage; that Bülow renders smoothly piano, but without light and shade. We think this is hypercriticism or partiality. Bülow is thoroughly dignified and grand in the maestoso style of music, but also tender and romantic when sentiment is to be expressed. His most individual peculiarity is an apparently absolute identification of himself with the composer. The man seems to be lost in the composer. The music seems spontaneous. There is never a moment of doubt or hesitation. There is never a passage that seems unintelligible to the pianist himself. The whole production seems to be a poetical musical effusion straight from the man's own soul.

Von Bülow is versatile, and still the rendering of Beethoven is his forte. He can play Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" admirably. He can play Beethoven's Sinfonies and Sonatas superbly. His superiority as a performer of Beethoven's works comes especially from his unusually deep insight into the argumentative or reasoning part of the music. We of course acknowledge that Beethoven's music comprehends more different styles than that of any other composer. He is poetic, pastoral, gay, and sad, but always deeply thoughtful. Even so Von Bülow is versatile, but always works out and expresses the idea first and foremost.

Even the jealous Italians, who are ever ready to disparage the talent and ability of foreign artists, all acknowledge Von Bülow as a "chief among ten thousand," and, in the absence of aught else, fall back upon his affectation so as to find something to blame. In this respect he has certainly reached a height quite equal to his musical reputation. It is amusing to watch the careless manner with which he looks at the programme to see what pieces he is to play; the production of two handkerchiefs to dry his hands; his habit of looking patronizingly around at the audience while playing some very difficult passage; and another habit of putting his face close down to the key-board at all very piano passages, as if to smell out the melody. We were also much amused one evening at the end of a duo. Von Bülow and the first violinist had just performed the Rondo, op. 70, of Schubert, in which the piano has an equal share of the work. The audience applauded loudly, whereupon the humble pianist bowed toward the violinist and commenced clapping also. This looked very much like affectation, but we do not

dare to call it such lest we should incur the severe displeasure of a small circle of ladies who have apparently set aside the first commandment, or at least inserted the initials G. H. von B. in the middle of it.

SIXELA.

Florence, Jan. 27, 1870.

More Letters by Mendelssohn.

(Concluded from page 58.)

Düsseldorf, 17th July, 1835.

I should have thanked you long ago for your kind note, and feel honored and pleased with the poem which you sent me; but I have been hindered from writing by much unexpected sorrow. You know that my parents accompanied me here from Cologne, and we were living together so happily, making excursions in the neighborhood. Everything seemed to promise an enjoyable summer; when my mother was taken dangerously ill, partly from the upsetting of the carriage in one of our country drives, and partly from exertions to which she is not accustomed. At first we feared the worst, but now, thank God, she is better, and indeed so far recovered, that we begin to look forward to leaving this place. Of course we shall take the most direct road to Berlin, and travel by easy stages; and I shall go with them, so as to make sure of their safe arrival, and look after them carefully on the journey. You may imagine what an anxious time I have had, and I am sure you will excuse me for not having been able to thank you for your note and the poem until this very day. I shall hope soon to repeat all this by word of mouth, for Herr Dörnir tells me that I must be in Leipzig at least four weeks before the first concert; so you will see me about the end of next month.

Of course I have written no music lately, beyond doing a little here and there to my Oratorio, and these lines will show you that letter writing suits me no better: still less as I look forward to seeing you soon, and saying everything so much better than I can write it. Till then, therefore, farewell. Best regards and many thanks to you both for all your kindness at the Festival. Should you have anything to communicate to me before I get to Leipzig, please to direct to Herr A. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Berlin. Hoping to see you again in a fortnight,

Yours truly,
FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

How kind and thoughtful of you to surprise us* again this morning, with your beautiful basket of apples; their fragrance fills the whole room. A thousand thanks to you and your husband for so kindly thinking of us and remembering how fond we are of such delicious fruit. I envy Mr. Voigt when I look at them; when can Donizetti or Pacini send their friends such dainty things? Nothing but songs—often tasteless enough, and with maggots inside—instead of nice fragrant apples. Again a thousand thanks from myself and my wife; to-day or to-morrow I shall hope to repeat them verbally.

Yours ever truly,
FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.
Leipzig, 8th November, 1838.

Horchheim, near Coblenz, 6th Aug. 1839.

I heard this morning from a friend in Leipzig that you were so unwell as to be obliged to go to a watering place, so I hardly know where this letter will find you; but I cannot forbear writing to say how much the unexpected news of your illness has pained me, and how heartily I hope that you will soon be well again. A few days ago I was at Ems, and when I saw the visitors pacing up and down, I thought how tedious it must be to anybody with an active mind to have to stay there. Yet people are satisfied if they can thus purchase health, and I feel sure that, disagreeable as your present residence must be, if it brings you health and strength you will not regret its tediousness. Are you able to play the piano at all? If not, I know what a deprivation that must be. Yet, during a "cure," it may be wiser to forego the pleasure for a time, as it might be injurious to get too much engrossed about anything. I suppose this is why there are so many parties and conversazioni at watering-places, because such talking requires so little thought and feeling; the weather plays the great part.

Apropos to which, do you ever remember a more uninterrupted beautiful summer? I hope you can enjoy these lovely days and evenings in the open air. We made excursions for two months, walking and

* He had been married in the interval between this letter and the one before it in April, 1837.

† The apples were the gift of a friend from Italy.

driving in the lovely country round Frankfort, and now again here on the Rhine. The woods near Frankfort and the hills here could tell many a tale about us. It is time now to think of leaving, and we intend to make only a short stay at Bingen and Frankfort, and be back in Leipzig in about a fortnight. I have undertaken to conduct a Festival at Brunswick in the beginning of September; but with all the pleasure and honor of the thing I am sorry for it, as it obliges me to shorten my visit there. To leave the Rhine in the beautiful summer months and go northwards is never to my taste (in every sense of the word, because the fruit and grapes are so good). I believe that Providence has created the musicians of this country as an antidote to its attractions—they certainly do not enhance them. I feel quite at home and happy when I meet some of our North German musicians, and am no longer worried with jealousies and bickerings, and backbitings and antediluvian gossip.

A thoroughly honest musician—like Klengel for instance—is not to be found in any orchestra here, and when autumn comes I begin to long terribly for Leipzig music. I hope David will stay there. I have heard a good deal lately about his settling in England, and some of my English friends wrote to me, expecting me to share their wishes about keeping him there; but I am far from being so unselfish, and shall, on the contrary, do all I can to make him stay with us.

I have lately been writing all sorts of new things, which I hope soon to play to you—a trio for piano, violin, and 'cello—a book of four part songs for the open air—a Psalm—some Fugues, *et cetera anima*. I meant to do much more during the summer, but the walks, and the baths, and the *dolce far niente*, do not forward one's work!

Now, I have chatted long enough, perhaps too long for you; but these few lines may amuse you when you are tired, so let them go. May they find you convalescent and happy. With kind regards to your dear husband and little Otilie, I am ever,

Yours truly,
FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

The last letter of this set cannot be given here entire. It is dated "Leipzig, 19th October, 1846," and consists—evidently in allusion to a similar gift to that which called forth No. 6—of a pen and ink sketch of a basket of apples and grapes, followed by a quotation (easy to recognize, though it is not quite literal) from one of the pieces in Schumann's "Album für die Jugend." The words are Mendelssohn's own:



Such is the constant cry of the whole family of

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

[Macmillan's Contributor is mistaken about the above quotation. The notes are not by Schumann, and the words are not by Mendelssohn; the passage occurs, word for word and note for note, in the prison Aria of Florestan in *Fidelio*.—Ed.]

‡ The D minor Trio, No. I.

§ Psalm cxv, "When Israel out of Egypt came."

The Salem Oratorio Society.

[From the Salem Register, July 13.]

The annual meeting of this Society was held at Lyceum Hall on Monday evening last, the attendance being large. D. B. Hagar, Esq. was chairman, and Capt. Geo. M. Whipple Secretary. The Treasurer, Mr. Bigelow, presented his report, showing a favorable balance on the right side of the sheet, and that the last season has been eminently a success, financially. The Chairman read the report of the Executive Committee, an ably written document, giving a recapitulation of the progress of the society since its formation, notices of its public performances, percentage of attendance of members at rehearsals, &c., &c., with some valuable hints as to the future of the Society, as follows:

MR. HAGAR'S REPORT TO THE ORATORIO SOCIETY.

The Salem Oratorio Society was organized under the lead and through the strenuous efforts of Mr. Francis H. Lee. At his request a goodly number of gentlemen, interested in musical culture, met in the Chapel of Barton Square Church, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 17, 1868, to consider the expediency of forming a society for the study of the higher styles of music. The meeting was called to order by Mr. Geo. M. Whipple and was organized by the choice of Mr. D. B. Hagar as Chairman and Mr. S. P. Driver as Secretary. After an interesting discussion relating to the character of the proposed society it was resolved

to place its business affairs in the hands of an Executive Committee, and to give to Mr. Carl Zerrahn entire control of its musical affairs. An Executive Committee were unanimously elected, consisting of Messrs. F. H. Lee, Geo. M. Whipple, Benj. Whitmore, Geo. A. Fuller, and E. H. Randall.

The fee of membership for gentlemen was fixed at \$5. Ladies were to be admitted free.

The first rehearsal of the Society—then called simply a "Class"—was held in Barton Square Chapel, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 2; and so great was the interest in this new musical enterprise that more than two hundred persons appeared as members.

The Study of Haydn's Oratorio of the *Creation* was then commenced with promising success.

The number of persons desiring to join the Society became immediately too large to be accommodated in the Chapel; the rehearsals were therefore transferred to Crambie St. Church. In order to reduce the number of members, and to secure a better balance of parts, the ladies were required to have their voices tried individually, and only those who were found well qualified were admitted to membership. The number of members having thus been considerably reduced, the rehearsals were restored to the Chapel, where they were continued for a considerable period, and until the gradual increase of membership led to the use of Lyceum Hall.

The first public performance of the Society was given at Mechanic Hall, on Thursday evening, Feb. 11, 1869. Some two hundred voices rendered Haydn's *Creation* with the most encouraging success. The soloists of the occasion were Miss J. E. Houston, Soprano; Mr. James Whitney, Tenor; and Mr. F. J. Rudolphsen, Bass.

By general request the Oratorio was repeated on Wednesday evening, March 17.

The third Concert of the Society was given on Friday evening, April 23, and included Rossini's "Stabat Mater," selection from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul, Hymn of Praise*, and *Elijah*; and the Hallelujah Chorus, from Handel's *Messiah*.

The fourth and last performance for the season, given June 7, was a public rehearsal of the music assigned to be sung at the great "Peace Jubilee" which commenced in Boston, June 15. The members of the Salem Oratorio Society who participated in that world renowned festival can never forget the intense and delighted emotions with which they mingled their voices with ten thousand others in producing some of the grandest music the world has ever heard.

The Annual meeting of the Society for the transaction of business was held July 1, 1869. The fee for new members (gentlemen) was fixed at \$5; the yearly assessment for gentlemen already members was placed at \$2. An Executive Committee was chosen consisting of Messrs. D. B. Hagar, F. H. Lee, G. M. Whipple, E. H. Randall, Benjamin Whitmore, and G. A. Fuller.

The rehearsals of the second season commenced at Lyceum Hall, on Thursday evening, Oct. 7, 1869, when the Oratorio of the *Messiah* was taken up for study. The Oratorio was publicly performed by the Society on Wednesday evening, Jan. 12, 1870. The Soloists were Mrs. J. W. Weston, of Salem, Soprano; Mrs. Chas. A. Barry, of Boston, Contralto; Dr. S. W. Langmaid, of Boston, Tenor; and Mr. Wm. H. Beckett, of New York, Bass.

On Wednesday evening, Feb. 16, Haydn's "Creation" was reproduced by the Society, assisted by Miss Houston, Soprano; Mr. W. J. Winch, Tenor; and Mr. M. W. Whitney, Bass.

On Wednesday evening, May 18, the Society sang Mendelssohn's "Elijah" with a success which drew the highest praise from the most competent musical critics. The solos were given by Miss J. E. Houston, Mrs. D. C. Hall, Dr. S. W. Langmaid, and Mr. M. W. Whitney. The instrumental music was performed by thirty members of the Germania orchestra.

With the performance of "Elijah" the Society's work for the season was brought to a close.

At the annual meeting held July 26, 1870, the Executive Committee of the past year were re-elected. It was voted to make the annual assessment \$4 for gentlemen and \$2 for ladies.

The Society resumed its work on Thursday evening, Sept. 29, with a large increase in its numbers. On Monday evening, Dec. 26, 1870, the Society, numbering nearly 400 voices, performed the "Messiah," with the assistance of Mrs. J. Houston West, Mrs. Charles A. Barry, Mr. F. C. Packard and Mr. M. W. Whitney.

On Thursday evening, March 2, 1871, Mendelssohn's Oratorio of "St. Paul" was rendered by the Society, aided by Mrs. J. Honston West, Mrs. Charles A. Barry, Mr. W. J. Winch, and Mr. J. R. Winch. The public interest in this Oratorio was so great as to bring together one of the largest audiences ever assembled in Salem at a public concert.

The next and last performance of the Society took

place on Thursday evening, May 4, when the Oratorio of Elijah was rendered with excellent success. The Soloists employed were Mrs. H. M. Smith, of Boston, Soprano; Mrs. H. E. Sawyer, of Boston, Contralto; Dr. S. W. Langmaid, Tenor; and Mr. J. F. Rudolphsen, Bass.

It appears from this brief statement of the doings of our Society, that it has given ten public evening performances, besides ten public afternoon rehearsals. It has sung the "Creation" three times; the "Messiah" twice; "Elijah" twice; "St. Paul" once; "Stabat Mater" once; and miscellaneous selections, some once, some twice. This that is a large amount of work for a Society to accomplish in the first three years of its existence, will, we think, be generally conceded. Of the quality of the work done, critics from abroad have spoken in terms more laudatory than we should feel at liberty to use.

At the beginning of the musical year just closed, it was feared by some that the increase of the annual assessment for gentlemen members from \$2 to \$4, and the levying of an assessment of \$2 upon the lady members, who had hitherto been free from pecuniary charge, would seriously diminish the number of members. The result showed, on the contrary, an increase in the number of sopranos from 131 to 168; of altos, from 77 to 92; of tenors, from 51 to 61; and of basses, from 64 to 81; making in all an increase from 323 to 402, the number whose names are recorded in the book of members for the year, just ended. A few new members neglected to record their names.

It may be interesting to know how large a part of the 402 members reside in Salem, and how many in neighboring towns. The following table gives exactly the statistics on this point:

Residence.	No. Mem.	Sop'n's.	Alt's.	Ten's.	Bass's.
Salem,	287	128	65	40	54
Beverly,	43	18	10	8	7
Peabody,	21		4	7	4
Danvers,	20	6	1	3	10
Marblehead,	18	6	6	2	4
Boston,	3	1	1		1
Ipswich	3		2		
Manchester,	2	1	1		
Malden,	2		1	1	
Worcester,	1		1		
Milton,	1		1		
Glocester,	1		1		
	402	168	92	61	81

It hence appears that about 74 1/2 per cent. of the members reside in Salem, 10 1/2 per cent. in Beverly and about 5 per cent. each in Peabody, Danvers, and Marblehead.

There were present every rehearsal during the year 2 sopranos, 2 altos, 2 basses, and 3 tenors; at every rehearsal but one, 6 sopranos, 11 altos, 4 tenors and 8 basses. The largest number present at any rehearsal was 308; the smallest 163. The average attendance of all the members was 64 per cent. of the whole number; of the sopranos, 62 percent. of their number; of the basses, 65 1/2 per cent.; of the tenors, 66 per cent.; and of the altos, 68 1/2 per cent.

The pecuniary prosperity of the Society for the past year has been all that could be desired. The receipts from members' assessments have been sufficient to defray the heavy current expenses; to pay for the construction of new seats in Mechanic Hall, and their subsequent increase; to add \$35.18 to the piano fund; to procure beautiful English editions of music books at less than half the usual retail cost, and still to leave in the treasury, from the ordinary receipts, a surplus of \$175.16. The treasurer's report will give all needed pecuniary details. The most grateful acknowledgment is hereby made to those ladies who organized and successfully conducted the Oratorio and Institute Fair, which was held in October and November last, and which resulted in placing in the possession of this Society the large sum of \$1,664.82. The energy and efficiency of those ladies are worthy of all praise. The sum just named, added to the ordinary receipts of the Society, makes the balance of cash on hand, \$1,839.98.

In closing this report, we heartily congratulate the Salem Oratorio Society upon the distinguished success which has thus far crowned its labors; upon the enviable reputation it has quickly gained at home and abroad; upon the great pleasure its members have drawn from the delightful study of the greatest masters of one of the noblest of arts; upon the pleasure which it has contributed to the cultivated taste of this community; upon the powerful impulse which it has given to the culture, among our people, of sacred music of the highest style, and upon the general good effects, social, moral, and religious, which always flow from the faithful pursuit of any refining art.

The success of our Society in the past ought to be a guarantee of even greater success in the future. To attain that success, it is only needful that at all times and under all circumstances we should maintain perfect harmony among ourselves, judging one another

with kindness and forbearance, giving to those whom we select to conduct our affairs our cordial sympathy and co-operation; and laboring unitedly with aims free from all mere selfishness, for the advancement of music, which, as a wise poet says,

"Exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels disease, softens every pain."¹

Gen. Oliver moved the acceptance of the report, and addressed the meeting congratulating the members on the high rank the society had taken before the musical public, and hoped that the same *Esprit de corps* would be shown in the future, which had made the past so successful. Gen. O. remarked that a musical gentleman, in a neighboring city, asked Mr. Zerrahn why the Salem society had gained such proficiency in Oratorio singing in so short a time, and Mr. Z. answered, "Brains and Study."

The matter of assessments for the coming season was discussed, but the old rates were finally adopted.

Messrs. Hagar, Whipple, Whitmore and Randall severally addressed the society, stating, in substance, that, having been members of the Executive Committee for three years, and thanking the society for the tokens of confidence, they now wished to retire from Committee work; therefore they declined a re-election.

Several gentlemen, in well chosen remarks, regretted that the members of the Committee declined a re-nomination, and made complimentary allusions to the faithful and valuable services of the Executive Committee during the past three years.

The Chairman announced the next business to be, choice of Executive Committee for the ensuing year. After discussion as to the best method of election, Mr. E. Valentine moved that the chair appoint a committee of five to report to the meeting a list of six gentlemen for an Executive Committee. The chair appointed Messrs. E. Valentine, James Upton, H. F. Waters, E. R. Bigelow and J. H. Millett, who soon reported the following names: Messrs. F. H. Lee, S. Lincoln, Jr., Jas. T. Hewes, E. Valentine, B. H. Fabens, and Wm. Agge—and their report was accepted and adopted.

The Bavarian Passion Play.

The Passion Play of the Life and Death of Jesus Christ, performed at Ober-Ammergau last year, has once more come on for representation. The series of performances, which is to last during the summer, commenced on the 24th June, and is described in a daily contemporary from which we make a few extracts. The scenario of the drama has already been detailed in these columns, and we need not go over it again; but the method of the actors and the influence of the spectacle on the beholders are worthy of further comment.

The peasant amateurs who act the play are described by the correspondent from whom we quote as having seized the oriental aspect of the life around Christ with great skill, but they have rigidly adhered to their traditional outline of the play. No effects founded on recent discoveries, no scientific grouping, according to the rules of the stage, will do for them. Such as their acting is, it is to be quite their own. They enter into the spirit of the characters they represent, and rather live the characters—as far as they can realize them—for the moment than act them. Peter and Caiaphas, John and Judas, are as intensely themselves as the noble impersonation round which they appear. How strong the impression of it all is! The deep, affectionate interest which centres in the Christus, and grows stronger as his death approaches, has been roused to almost fever point by that awfully vivid scene when the living actor is fixed on the cross in presence of the whole assembly, and is raised aloft where all can see him. He must be some fifteen or twenty minutes thus raised, and must be very resolute and well prepared to go through his part so well. Of course he is not nailed, but he looks as though he were; and the blood which flows from his side, a little later on, is terribly well contrived.

The modern Greek revival, under the very shadow of the Acropolis, will give us a good starting point for the outward appearance of the Ammergau Theatre—simple and wooden as it is. We must take the Grecian arrangement of the stage; we must fancy the bright sky over head and the proscenium, or theatre within a theatre, occupying part of the space before us, and we shall be on the right road to understand the preparations of Ammergau peasants for their Passion Play. They are so thoroughly and honestly rustic and so far removed from professional mannerisms of any kind, their chorus is so well drilled and their minor parts are so well sustained, that it is a pleasure to see them perform. Here is their simple wooden theatre, fashioned, as has been said, on the

Greek model. Here are the rows of benches open to the sky, and the side scenes, whence the chorus can conveniently issue forth, and the central portion (the proscenium), where so much important work is carried on. Though the sky be far less bright than in Attica, and though wooden benches supply the place of the old stone steps of the Grecian theatre, we have gained a step by dwelling on this memory of a modern Greek revival. The background of mountains, too, might serve as an additional point of resemblance between Athens and Ammergau. But between the Greek play and this Passion Play, in the Bavarian Highlands, there is as wide a difference as between the cold, clear light on yonder summit and the soft purple tinge of the Greek landscape. The Passion Play has been left to Ammergau as a great favor. The village was protected in the matter by the monks of Etal, a monastery about two miles off, and was allowed, on account of its solemn vow in the days of the plague, to go on with the accustomed performances every tenth year. Passion plays were strictly forbidden elsewhere in Bavaria in the latter part of the last century, and but for this favor shown to Ammergau there would be no such thing as this spectacle. There is danger that the increased means of traffic afforded by the railways, and the tendency in Europe to rush after any untried experience, will gradually swamp Ammergau with larger and larger crowds of visitors. We hear that excursion trains will run from Vienna for several of the forthcoming performances; and that the gathering may be expected to be something enormous before the end of August. Already there are several houses in Ammergau specially retained by rich foreigners for part of the season; and already its very success threatens the Passion Play with extinction. The opening day was not, however, a specimen of this overcrowding. The number of foreigners present was large, but there were not so many of the neighboring villagers as there often are, and the theatre was far from being unpleasantly full.

There is need to see these Passion Plays more than once to understand them clearly. Many seem to think that as they have come to be interested and startled by what they see, it is better not to criticize the performances. They take it as whole, and they wonder how the villagers can act so well. The story seems to be brought back again out of the dim ages of the past, and to be going on in our very presence. At some points of great interest, above all the Crucifixion, there are sobs to be heard among the audience, and the bright eyes of the ladies who have come so far to see the play are filled with tears. The country-folk have mingled mirth and sorrow in what they behold. They are hushed into awe-stricken silence by the more solemn scenes, which must be familiar enough to most of them, and they laugh heartily at the supposed comicality, or laughable wickedness, of the bad characters of the play. Yet there is not the faintest trace of comic acting in the whole piece from beginning to end, any more than if it were a religious service. But there are points about Judas and Pilate which strike the neighbouring villagers as so intensely human that they laugh and chuckle over them.

There are acted scenes and *tableaux vivants* following one another in quick succession. We have a pause between the first and second parts of the piece to allow of refreshment, and we have regular tickets issued for the places in the theatre—tickets for the boxes and for pit, to translate the names into our own phraseology. All this looks very practical. Yet the play remains as strange and touching as ever. The fear is it will be “done” to death by foreigners; that is its greatest danger. Already their presence is so far felt that the longer interval between the first and second acts in the first day’s performance was attributed to them. Instead of an hour there was a pause of an hour and a half.

In a pamphlet entitled “Impressions of the Ammergau Passion Play, by an Oxonian,” published by Hayes, and referring to last year’s performance, there is some appreciative criticism on the ethical aspect of the play. We transcribe some of the writer’s impressions on this head.

All through the Play, (he remarks) I kept repeating it to myself, “This is a primitive, mediæval, half-civilized peasantry, still sunk in the trammels of priesthood; it has never known what it is to have an open Bible, and a free press; it is deprived of the blessings of the Electric Telegraph, and is about 300 years behind the present age.” But it would not do. I could not but confess that I was witnessing, not only a beautiful, but a most subtle and delicate and thoughtful rendering of the Gospel History; a rendering in which the Truth was gathered up into a whole with a power and grasp that put to shame the loose and casual apprehension of this or that interesting trait or striking light, which is sufficient fodder for the weak stamina of the modern “Religious view.”

As to general intelligence, refinement, and dignity, who could not give all he had to see a spark of it in the average English rustic or London rough? The charm of the people is indeed worth going miles to see and feel; it lights up the lovely valleys of the Bavarian and Tyrolese Alps with the magic spell of a courtesy that is never servile, and a simplicity that is never coarse. The traveller is welcomed with a heartiness that is almost friendship, and refreshed with the delightful familiarity of innocent interest. Their religion is untainted by the gloomy savageness of the Vallais; their roads are not ever and always darkened by the gory horrors that make you shudder and quake as you pass down the valleys of the Rhone; but often, as you peep with a lurking dread into the little oratories, you are cheered by the soft eyes of a Madonna which the gentle Cranach at Innsbruck has inspired, or by a quiet image of the Good Shepherd. Their services are marked by an impressive earnestness, giving them that congregational tone which to a Protestant seems so lacking to the ordinary Mass. I saw hardly any drunkenness, and but little misery, and begging is unknown. The cottages are brilliant with pictured walls, and gay with flowers; all is clean and fresh, and bright and happy. Such life does much to explain the style of the Play, but very little towards illustrating the meaning of progress. Progress, of course, there is in civilization, but it requires, I felt, something deeper than the *Daily Telegraph*, more profound even than the *Times* to explain in what it consists. It was impossible to talk grandly and vaguely about liberty of thought in the presence of such a character of life as I saw around me, and as the Passion-Play revealed. As for the “happiness of the greatest number,” the words withered on my tongue. It takes a greater and a grander principle than can be thrown off in a newspaper article, or than can be touched on the tag end of this paper, to show how the quickened life of the few in this troubled century, can be worth the awful price paid for it in the degradation of the many.

To return to the Play itself. So far as it can be looked upon as a picture, it surely has all the virtues of religious art. It unites them with the excitement and beauty of motion, and intensifies them with all the additional delights of the ear. And if the great abuse of religious art comes from its tendency to localize spiritual truth in the fleshly imagination, this danger is avoided by such a drama as that of Ammergau. The sight we get of Holy Persons is not wrapt by the wonders of an unknown skill; the forms do not beam upon us out of the mystic heaven of an art in whose golden realms we have never trod, as in the case of painting. Here we know too much about it all to be carried off our legs by the flood of its fascinations: its machinery is well within our sphere, there is no *ignotum* that we can be tricked into taking *pro magnifico*. Mair and Flunger, Hett and Lechner, Stadler and Zwink, we know them all; their sisters and brothers are with us; honor them as we will, they are still in their own country and in their own home. The material difference between it and a picture is that in the one there is nothing but what you see, nothing but the blue and the vermilion; while in the other there is behind a human being, with inharmonious passions concealed by an artificial state of feeling. Now, the danger of this lies in its effect on the actors; for as to the spectators, it is hopeless to speculate on what is not seen or heard. If we are morally responsible for more than a certain amount of what goes on “behind scenes,” it is impossible to listen to an anthem or an oratorio, much less an opera. And as to the effect on the actors of entering into solemn and awful subjects with such dangerous intimacy, I must observe that it is remarkable that this sensitive hesitation appears only in times of doubt and difficulty, and never enters the heads of those whose reverence is the most unshaken and unswerving. Is it not the old story—the prayers of the monks sounding like blasphemy and impiety to the scepticism of the historian?

Still, if a sacred drama presupposes, and can be justified only by such height of faith as this, we must suppose that Ammergau can only have preserved such a purity by exceptional, if not unique circumstances. I have spoken of the peculiar beauty of these peasants’ lives; other facts conspire to heighten the Play’s character. Besides the halo of its origin, its religious importance is raised by its being practically alone—for the extempore performance of sacred themes which are common, I believe, in the neighboring village fairs, are too slight to trench on its dignity, while they soften its strangeness. The people whose highest thought and feeling it represents has kept its belief pure and undefiled. Its picturesque Catholicism has never been allowed to run riot with the morbid imagination of more southern minds, or with the grossness of northern ones. Its simplicity has been heightened by contact

with the new world of Protestant severity and plainness in a way and to a degree that must be considered extraordinary. Its native refinement has preserved it free from the incongruities which so naturally and readily cluster round such performances; and above all, in contrast to the excitement of dramatic action, which tended more and more, in mediæval times, to the introduction of the supernatural, so that their plays have become known to us as “Miracle-Plays,” the Ammergau versionist has, with exquisite taste and delicacy, and with perfect recognition of the true capabilities of the stage, clung to the human side of our Lord’s ministry, and enforced it with all the grand plainness of S. Matthew, with the mystic flavor of S. John, yet without a single stain of that overgrown miraculosity which the fondling of the after ages heaped upon the tale they loved. So far is this abstinence carried, indeed, that the events after the Resurrection are slurred over in too hurried a manner, perhaps, to allow for their dogmatic and didactic effect, the feeling being that wherever you touch on the supernatural, human machinery becomes inadequate. However, the people see, as in a perfect mirror, the human life which the Bible records. The morality which that life personifies is carried out in a high subjective tone which qualifies the necessarily objective character of the representation; for instance, the chorus sings, on Judas’s punishment, without a tinge of materiality—

“So fled Cain—Ah! whither?
From yourself you cannot fly;
In your own heart you carry
Your own Hell’s agony.”

Thus it is that the self sufficient and independent son of the 19th century may leave Ammergau, not so much with the satisfaction of having relieved the curiosity with which he entered it, as with the consciousness of rebuke and reprobation in the sight of a saintly, purer, livelier, and not less intellectual than he has yet attained.—*London Orchestra*, July 7.

The Charity Children.

Mr. J. Hullah passes judgment in the *Academy* on the recent festival at St. Paul’s as follows:—

I had not attended one of these meetings for many years past. They are interesting musically as indicies of the progress of the national ear; and as such they are, on the whole, satisfactory. On the occasion of my first and only other attendance at one of them (as far back as during the reign of the late Thomas Attwood—the Attwood who ‘had seen’ Mozart), that great musician and judicious organist was, I well remember, under the necessity of holding on the last note of the melody of every line of the Old Hundredth Psalm, during several seconds, in order that the juvenile choristers might recover the pitch from which they had generally departed—downwards, of course—to the extent of a semitone, more or less. Little or nothing of the kind was observable on Thursday. The intonation was, if not throughout faultless, as little faulty as we often find it with choristers of greater experience and more pretension; and this in passages the extent of which upwards is considerable, e.g., in the ‘Hallelujah Chorus’ and the ‘Coronation Anthem’ of Handel.

The *timbre*, too, or quality of the vocal mass, was agreeable, in spite of the large element of cockney pronunciation—surely the meanest and most odious in the three kingdoms. But in all other respects, regarded as a musical performance—for the moment my sole consideration—the meeting was anything but satisfactory. If the *tune* was good, the *time* was quite the reverse. It would no doubt be difficult to keep together a body of musical performers even of far greater skill than those who constitute the choir at this anniversary, scattered as they are over so large an area. But the singing of these children is of a kind indicative, not of difficulty arising from the locality or any circumstance connected with it, but of their having had no training whatever in the elements of music. For this there is no necessity whatever; and the difficulty arising from it is altogether gratuitous. There are children enough in London, fairly acquainted with musical notation, and with the relations, melodic and rhythmic, of musical sounds, to fill every corner of St. Paul’s with Westminster Abbey and a dozen other of our largest public buildings to boot. Not only so. In the majority of schools of the class from which these children are taken there is at least one teacher with musical skill and science enough to prepare a contingent who would come ready to take part in music incomparably more difficult than any performed on Thursday—even without a general rehearsal. Music no doubt is not as extensively or as thoroughly taught in schools of whatever class as it might be; but, under circumstances always of difficulty, generally even of discouragement, it is taught more extensively and more thoroughly than is gener-

ally believed. The anniversary meeting of the Charity Children might be made an evidence of this, instead of remaining, as it does, an evidence to the contrary—with those who judge only from what they hear on that occasion.

Extracts from Mr. Bowman's "Review" of the Handel and Haydn Festival.

THE PRINCIPAL SOLO SINGERS.

Foremost among these undoubtedly stands the lady to whom we have just referred, Mme. Rudersdorff. This vocalist, though by birth a Russian, is a cosmopolite in her art. Her face and voice are as familiar at the great festivals of the lower Rhine and other parts of Germany as at those held at Sydenham Palace, Birmingham, Norwich and Gloucester.

Mr. Cummings also has been identified with most of the English festivals for many years. It would, perhaps, be an exaggeration to say that either of these artists stands first in the public esteem in England, but Mme. Rudersdorff has shared the soprano part, and divided the honors with that great singer, Mlle. Titiens, and Mr. Cummings has not been so far eclipsed by Mr. Sims Reeves but that his great worth has been recognized at its true value.

From the first it was evident that Mme. Rudersdorff had been thoroughly trained in her vocation, and was mistress of her art in every detail. Nothing came amiss to her, and her great abilities were equally conspicuous whether she declaimed with impassioned energy the imprecations of the furious Medea, or melted with supplication in entreaty for the life of the widow's son in "Elijah." Her talent was broad, earnest, dramatic, and intense,—that of a woman of mobile and ardent temperament, alive to everything about her, demonstrative in action, and quick in expression. Such persons enter fervently into the spirit of what they sing, and reflect it vividly to the public mind; and this Mme. Rudersdorff always did. The difficulty in her case was often not so much how to express, as how to refrain from over-expression. Much of Mendelssohn's music is gentle and sad, expressive of the passive and not the active qualities of self-renunciation, and of resignation rather than of self-assertion; and in these directions Mme. Rudersdorff failed to interpret him. A single instance will sufficiently illustrate what we refer to. In the "Hymn of Praise" occurs that beautiful expression of resigned faith, humility, and trust, "I waited for the Lord." The energy with which Mme. Rudersdorff waited was of the most active kind, and found musical expression in the use of strongly marked *sforzandos*, and other dramatic forms, not at all akin to the reposeful character of the composition.

Mme. Rudersdorff's voice is not in its first freshness, but still it is a noble one, large, resonant, and, in passages of sentiment or pathos, singularly tender and beautiful. In such great songs as "Hear ye! Israel," it lacked that clear, sparkling beauty that was so conspicuous in Mme. Parepa, who sang this aria with a breadth and brightness of voice as though she called all Judea to listen to the message to be delivered. But, on the other hand, to all passages of description or of emotion Mme. Rudersdorff gave a graphic intensity that colder singers fail to approach. This was conspicuous in the great scene from "Medea," and also throughout the "Elijah." The episode of the death of the son of the widow of Zarephath, the suspicion of the mother that the prophet had slain the boy, her grief and supplication for aid in her sore affliction, her doubt as to the power of Elijah to bring the dead to life, and her final crowning joy at the restoration of the child, were all so beautifully and truly pictured, as to win the utmost admiration from the audience.

Throughout the festival Mme. Rudersdorff was a tower of strength, a singer to be relied on. No one after the first day felt the least doubt that she would sustain her part to the end, and well. She did not tire easily, but found sufficient spare voice to sing in many of the choruses, and energy enough to be interested in everything that was taking place in chorus, orchestra, or audience. Such a vital woman always carries with her a valuable and inspiring sympathetic power and moral support.

Mr. Cummings' abilities were of quite another order. There was no passionate earnestness in his singing, but an even excellence. Whatever he did was characterized by discretion, good judgment, and a broad intelligence. He was a singer of such refinement and delicate sensibility that at the close of whatever he sang one could not but commend the tact with which the salient points had been brought out, the admirable wisdom with which every musical phrase had been balanced, and the exact measure of expression according to it. Mr. Cummings' voice was by no means a marvel of beauty, whether as regards quality or quantity. Many men have finer

voices, and even more have larger ones, but in the well trained skill, the discipline of years, the discretion and the wisdom that guided Mr. Cummings in the use of his powers to their best advantage, and enabled him to convey to his hearers the exact meaning of the composer, he has no equal among us.

THE PASSION MUSIC.

The performance of Bach's passion music we regard as one of the pivotal points of the week. It called for no ordinary degree of musical courage and reverent love of art, to face this severe and exacting work. No other society in this country has been so brave or so lofty in its aims as to attempt it. Whatever was done in this direction it was clear was to be done through faith and for pure art's sake, and not with much hope of captivating at once the popular ear. It was a true and noble work for the society to undertake, and in their long record of the achievements of half a century, there will be no brighter page than that on which stands recorded the fact that on the evening of the 13th of May, 1871, the Handel and Haydn Society, for the first time, interpreted to an American audience a portion of Sebastian Bach's passion music from St. Matthew's Gospel.

Whatever may be the inclinations of individual taste, or however this person may find the music antiquated, or that other may find it dull, the fact remains, and is beyond all question or dispute, that the music itself is beautiful, not only spiritually but materially. Those who fail to find it so may rest assured that the fault is in them, and not in it; and that they need to bring themselves up to the right level of appreciation; for Bach is as truly and unequivocally great in his direction as was Homer, or Dante, or Milton. He and Handel are the two great composers of Protestantism, and their works are the corner-stones upon which all oratorio writers have built. The superstructure may change its form with the mutations of taste, but theirs is the quarry from which all have hewn. Every composer of eminence, from Bach's own day to this, has acknowledged his greatness,—none more freely than Beethoven. As for Mendelssohn, his works show how deeply he had drunk from that pure and living fountain, and it is well known with what zeal he applied himself in the flower of his youth to the production of this very work.

Finally, Schumann himself, perhaps the profoundest and most original composer of his generation, has said in his *Musical Life Maxims*: "Make Bach's Well-tempered Clavichord your daily bread, so shall you surely be a thorough musician."

The passion music called out all the best elements of the great composer's genius. His talent never shone more brightly than when turned to the purposes of devotion; and this recital of the sufferings and death of the Saviour it may well be believed aroused his deepest feelings and moved him to the fullest exercise of his transcendent powers. The result is a work full of the purest and highest expression of musical feeling, solemn, devout, and fervent, replete with grace and beauty, and of such sterling merit that as surely as it comes to be known it will command itself more and more to the admiration of him who gives himself faithfully to its study, till whatever quaintness of form it may at first have seemed to possess will be but an added element of beauty. It would be a labor of love to recall, one by one, the solemn beauty of the chorals, arias, recitations, and choruses that compose the sixteen numbers of this work that were selected for performance. All of them were composed in a spirit of simplicity, of conviction, and of earnest devotion, and in the golden amber of Bach's godliness they have been preserved to us for this century and a quarter, and still the essential spirit of Christianity shines out from them. Bach was a man who was engrossed in his calling, who disdained artifice, who was direct, simple-minded, and earnest; and all this his music declares. It was made for the religious use and comprehension of the common people, and not fashioned to please the dilettanti. The chorale is the great occurring theme, the central pillar of his musical building. To this he always returns with ever-varying skill, and certainly nothing in all the range of musical composition finds its way more directly to the heart than do some of his chorales. For instance, that beautiful one:—

"O Head, all bruised and wounded!
Hung up to brutal scorn!"

What could be more touchingly beautiful! Doubtless, however, the selection that gave most universal pleasure was the chorus, "Ye lightnings, ye thunders," in which the faithful believers call upon the elements to avenge and overwhelm the betrayers of the Saviour. There was a fierce vehemence about this chorus that quite startled the audience, and it was followed by a storm of applause and demand for

repetition. It showed how easily Bach could handle the dramatic element when he was so minded.

What words can tell the tender beauty of the concluding chorus, describing the afflicted disciples about the sepulchre of their departed Lord?—

"Around thy tomb here sit we weeping,
And murmur low in tone supprest."

The musical phrase upon which the chorus is based is of great beauty, and it is one also that Mendelssohn has, perhaps unconsciously, borrowed more than once. The translation used was Mr. Dwight's, and was framed in reverent sympathy with the composer's meaning, and with a fine appreciation and mastery of that most difficult of tasks, the adaptation of words to music.

Musical Correspondence.

The Handel Festival.

LONDON, JUNE 27.—The present Handel Festival has proved the most successful musical entertainment ever known in the history of the world. In point of numbers, both of performers and listeners, it has far exceeded the previous festivals given in honor of the great oratorio composer.

The Festival of 1871 lasted three days, and took place as usual, in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. The first day was devoted to the *Messiah*. The work has been given so often by monster bands of singers, that its performance, however enjoyable, had scarcely the charm of novelty. The soloists were all familiar to the audience. The vast body of chorus singers sang the well-known music almost by heart, and with the swing and ease which come from familiarity. Sir Michael Costa, who conducted, took the time more slowly than at the Exeter Hall performances, recognizing the impossibility of doing with a colossal chorus what could be done with one of a medium size.

On the second day a miscellaneous programme was offered. It was too long to be endured even by a patient English audience; but it contained many features of unusual interest. It began with the *Dettingen Te Deum*, a work which Handel originally wrote on the occasion of the return of one of the Georges from a rather absurd campaign. It was first produced at the little Chapel Royal of St. James's Palace, and has since been heard in every city where the memory of Handel is revered. Mr. Santley took the bass solos, and the trumpet playing of Mr. Harper was a prominent orchestral feature. Mr. Best then played on the organ, with orchestral accompaniment, the first of Handel's six Concertos for organ and orchestra. Sims Reeves sang "Deeper and deeper still," sublimely. London connoisseurs, who have listened to him for many years, declare that nothing in his whole artistic career has equalled his singing on this eventful occasion. Of course the audience were wild with delight, and the vast transept of the Crystal Palace resounded with cheers of welcome and applause. Reeves also sang "How vain is man," from *Judas*. Vernon Rigby selected "Call forth thy powers;" and Mr. Santley gave the aria "Nasce al bosco," which is published in the appendix to the modern editions of *Israel in Egypt*, and was often introduced in the oratorio. Mme. Trebelli, now the prominent contralto of London, sang "Verdi prati," and "He bids the circling seasons shine." Mme. Sinico, Titiens, Patey, Cummings and Agnesi all lent their invaluable aid to complete the attractions of this memorable entertainment, in which also the vast chorus took part, creating a great impression in the choral extracts from *Solomon*.

But the culmination of this superb festival was the performance on Friday, the 23d, of *Israel in Egypt*. There can be no doubt that this was the most stupendous musical performance the world has ever seen. Mr. Kerr Gedge, a promising young tenor, had the honor of opening this work with the brief recitative, "Now there arose a new king in Egypt." The next phrase, "And the children of Israel sighed," was sung by the contralto, Mrs. Patey. Then came the marvellous

series of choruses which form the first part of the oratorio. The "Hailstone Chorus" of course made a very great impression. The sublime movement, "He sent a thick darkness," was magnificently sung, and indeed the same remark may be made of all the choruses. In the pastore, "As for his people," the *pianissimo* effects produced by the large chorus were noticeable. The fugal movement, "He led them through the deep," was another success; while the peculiar iteration of words in "There was not one of them left" came out with tremendous effect.—In the second part of the oratorio, the numerous double choruses were simply beyond criticism in their manner of performance. The solo parts by Mmes. Sherrington, Rudersdorff and Patey, were well sung, but from the immense size of the auditorium were not really enjoyable. An exception must, however, be made in the case of Sims Reeves; the moment his curly head appeared as he came up the platform steps there was a general burst of applause. The petted favorite took graciously the welcome of the admiring public; he bowed, and even deigned to sweetly smile. After the applause had subsided he sang his air "The enemy said," the only tenor solo in the oratorio. Mr. Reeves was in excellent voice, and rendered the *morceau* in glorious style. Cheer after cheer rewarded him, but he steadfastly refused an encore, and after bowing took his seat till the storm of plaudits should abate. Sims Reeves never was more popular in England than he is to day. His voice is also as good as ever, while that of Mario is in the last stages of decay. Reeves, as usual with him, will not sing when he does not want to; that is, unless he feels he is in thoroughly good voice. In this way Reeves is never heard to sing badly, and he preserves his reputation as a vocalist intact.

Among the lady singers at the Festival, Titien is certainly the greatest; but fine as she is, she does not equal the oratorio singers of years gone by, such as Jenny Lind and Clara Novello. Next to Sims Reeves, the tenor Cummings—who leaves in a few weeks again for America—has given the most satisfaction. Mme. Patey, who also is about to visit the New World professionally, has shown her ability as an accomplished contralto singer.

A Handel Festival is no longer a novelty in England, and of course does not attract the general attention which that of 1857 did. The festival of 1871 was given by the Crystal Palace company, who assumed all the risks, and engaged the singers. The chorus of course gave their services gratuitously, but in most instances their railroad fare was paid. Many came from distant provincial towns, the Cathedral choirs being largely represented. It was at first feared that the enterprise would not be a pecuniary success, for it was evident that the public at large was by no means excited over the matter; but the result has proved most satisfactory, ensuring the continuance of these great Triennial Festivals.

The following is the number of visitors who have attended the Festival on each day:

Rehearsal, 18,676; 1st day, 21,946; 2nd day, 21,330; 3d day, 23,016; total, 84,968.

The oratorio season is nearly over in London; but three performances of *Messiah*, the *Creation*, and *Elijah* are announced to take place at the splendid new Albert Hall. Otto Goldschmidt also announces two performances of his *Ruth*, with Jenny Lind Goldschmidt as the principal vocalist.

TROVATOR.

BERNHARD LISTEMANN. The New York *Sun* pays the following just compliment to an artist whom Boston will recline in due time:

Mr. Listemann, who has been a leading violinist in Boston, for the last few years, has transferred his residence to this city, and is now playing first violin at the Central Park Garden concerts, occasionally also appearing as a soloist. Next winter he will discontinue his orchestral playing and will be the solo violinist of Thomas's concerts.

What is Boston's loss is our gain, for Mr. Listemann has at once been recognized as an artist of the best type, having a broad and fine musical intelligence, and being in sympathy with the highest and best forms of musical composition. His tone is pure and true and beautiful, and his playing such as every connoisseur can listen to with unalloyed pleasure.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 29, 1871.

What for the next Season?

The musical prospect is bewildering, and even threatening. A plenty of good music we shall have, no doubt,—good, bad and indifferent; the only trouble is, that we are threatened with too much. To judge from all the newspaper *on-dits*, and hints, and feelers, it would seem as if this country had come to be regarded as the musical El-dorado among all the musical fortune seekers of the Old World. There is scarcely a famous artist in Europe, scarcely a company of artists, of whom we do not read that he, or she, or they are in negotiation with some enterprising manager, Yankee, Englishman or Jew, preparatory to a musical tour of the States. They hear what harvests have been reaped by Nilsson and Parepa, even by young lady pianists, like Mehlig, and they all burn with the fever to go and do likewise. They hear how Oratorio has taken root in Boston, and is sending out shoots into other cities, and they say: Let us make haste to enter in and reap. They hear how the smart opera impresarios, by skilful trumpeting and "managing of the press," have found out that they can make money with the cheap thing just as easily as with the good thing,—i. e. by moving rapidly from place to place, and flooding it after a long drought, to be succeeded by another,—or, to change the figure, exhausting the soil by feverish short "seasons," furnishing no wholesome permanent supply:—and they all covet a share, which each one hopes to make the lion's share, in the "little game." Of course, too, they have all learned how to talk of themselves as apostles, missionaries of taste and culture to a half savage continent, at the same time bestowing their most flattering encouragements and compliments on such "appreciative" and hopeful publics as they find in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, &c.

We dare not undertake to enumerate the more or less famous singers, instrumental virtuosos, opera and concert troupes, whose advent on our shores has been announced already, or foreshadowed. But if the half of them should really come, we fear they would stand terribly in one another's light, and more than half of them would go home sadly disappointed; while the effect upon our musical development here would be so to distract the public mind as seriously to put back the quiet organized endeavors in each town and city to build up something permanent and wholesome of its own, some never failing fountains from the well of music "pure and undefiled." The whole air will be thick with "stunning" advertisements; and the real love of music needs a more tranquil atmosphere to thrive well in. We shall be a truly cultivated and art-loving people, when we have reached the point that we can be comparatively indifferent to such appeals, because we love truth in Art too well to be continually startled off our balance by pretentious novelty.

In the long list that unfolds itself—we mean that part of it which is the most certain—there is much that we shall be glad to welcome. Miss Nilsson will certainly appear in Opera, if not occasionally in Oratorio and Concerts; and there are even intimations that she will make her lyric debut here in Boston early in the Fall. Her company includes Miss Annie Cary, the French tenor Capoul, the bass Jamet, and the well-known Brignoli. Mme. Parepa-Rosa, in fresh health again, is probably already on her way back to this country, and will open in English Opera at the New York Academy in the first week of October. Of course we shall have our turn in Boston. Her troupe includes,—besides Mrs. Seguin, Castle, Campbell, and most of her old artists,—Miss Clara Doria, daughter of the English composer, John Barnett,

and a young English tenor, of whom report speaks highly, named Tom Karl. We may rely upon Carl Rosa and his lady for a good repertoire and careful renderings at least.

The Ballad Troupe, organized by Mr. Dolby, formerly the agent of Dickens here, including Mme. Patey, contralto, Miss Edith Wynne, the charming English ballad singer, Mr. SANTLEY, the great English baritone, and Mr. W. H. CUMMINGS, whose return will be most welcome, have taken the Boston Music Hall, we understand, for eight concerts in October. They will also coöperate with the Handel and Haydn Society in some half dozen Oratorio performances in November and December. And while on the subject of Oratorio, it gives us pleasure to assure our readers that the good work so well begun by that Society on Bach and other noble music will not be suspended in consequence of these engagements; on the contrary, they will pursue the study of the Passion Music until they can sing it all; nor will "Israel in Egypt" be put away to sleep. If NILSSON too should sing in Oratorio, and Mme. RUDERSDORFF adhere to her design of coming over in the winter, we shall be strong in Oratorio. Among the sterling singers, however, we shall miss our manly Basso, Mr. M. W. WHITNEY, who is already on his way abroad, and of whom we shall hear next winter in the oratorios and concerts in England.

However popular the Dolby Ballad Concerts may be, we doubt not that the entertainments which our friend Mr. Peck is organizing,—ten in number, two of them orchestral—will prove neither less attractive nor less worthy. With such a list of artists as he has secured, and with his long and careful study of the tastes and likings of the Boston public, there is little danger either of poor performance or of very trashy programmes.

Of Symphony and other noble Orchestral music the promise is at least as rich as the review of last year. This time the Harvard Musical Association will be the first in the field, with its *seventh season* of Ten Symphony Concerts, beginning as usual on Thursday afternoon, the 9th of November, and running nearly to the end of March. Mr. ZERRAHN will still conduct; the orchestra, in spite of the loss of Listemann and a few others, will as a whole be even better than before, and the programmes equally attractive. THEODORE THOMAS and his orchestra this time will come later; probably about New Year, instead of in October as in the past two years. To replace the great attraction of Miss MEHLIG, who remains abroad, at least through the coming winter, he has engaged another "bright particular star," newly risen in Germany, Miss SOPHIA MENTER. (Wonderful young lady pianists are getting so plenty, that there seems to be hardly any chance for a piano-playing man!). Her name is wholly new to us. She is a pupil of Liszt, will probably keep the Liszt school largely in the foreground, and is said to possess great personal beauty. We find in the *Signale* of Leipzig, June 20, an account of her performance at a concert in Baden-Baden, from which we are tempted to translate, as giving some idea of her, although it reads almost as if it were written expressly to operate on the American market.

"Any one who knew with what enthusiasm Frl. Menter had been received during these last years, wherever she had appeared, especially in Prague, Vienna, Pesth, &c., was prepared beforehand to expect something extraordinary. But even we, who have followed her career from the beginning with the greatest interest, and have been witnesses in part to her steadily increasing success,—even we were surprised when we heard the young and lovely artist again for the first time after a pause of several years, and now admired the wonder-child of such great promise as a complete mistress of her art. These last years, in which Frl. Menter has been studying with Tausig and List, have ripened her with wonderful rapidity, and developed her great talent to the highest bloom. No wonder, if the great masters, after whom she has striven so successfully, look with pride upon this scholar. The technique is for her a standpoint thoroughly achieved; for her there are no difficulties left; nay, it seems to give her a peculiar

pleasure to seek out new hindrances, that she may overcome them in her playing. In strength and endurance, in brilliancy and *élan* of delivery, she is a match for any pianist; at the same time there is a thoroughly genial trait, a charm that may be called almost demoniacal, in her playing; and yet she unites with it a genuine feminine grace and elegance. She controls her instrument with sovereign power; she stands completely above her tasks, and this enables her to impress upon them the charm of an individuality, which is entirely artistic, free and independent. Fräulein Menter had chosen three pieces, which had been composed by those piano-Titans, Rubinstein, Tausig and Liszt, for their own concert performances. Thereby she gave us not only her own artistic confession of faith, but also the measure by which she is to be judged. One who can play Rubinstein's *Etude* (on so-called "false notes!"), Tausig's Concert arrangement of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," and Liszt's bravura transcription of the *Tarantelle* from "Masaniello," as she played them, can venture upon anything. There is in fact no task to which she is not fully equal; in the last concert she gave us comparatively small proofs of what she can do. Had it been a soirée with orchestra, and could we have heard from her a Concerto of Beethoven, of Chopin, or of Liszt, then indeed the most intrinsically valuable phases of her great talent, those of pervading intellectuality and poetic coloring, would of course have come out into a far clearer light, than in the rendering of those three bravura pieces, in which she showed herself more as the sovereign mistress of *technique*.—We hope we have not heard Fräulein Menter here for the last time. If only America does not seduce her from us too soon! Alas! we see all the signs of that already! Laurels she can never lack, whether in the old world or the new."

Well, we shall see; meanwhile a formidable rival awaits the lady hero already in the person of the Fräulein MARIE KREBS.—Speaking of orchestras, we read of quite a unique importation, from Vienna, soon expected in New York: actually an *Orchestra of Women!* The band is small, we are told, some twenty instruments, but of all classes, strings, wood and brass. This will make it easier to credit what that extravagant, luxurious Englishman of the last century, Beckford, relates of a female orchestra he heard somewhere in Italy or Spain. We wonder why some enterprising fellow does not bring us over one of those small bands or orchestras of Hungarian gypsies, such as we have heard in cafés in the South of Germany, who play together with such a furor of enthusiasm that they seem each to improvise his part. Finally there is a new JULLIEN in the field, a son of the famous one, already giving promenade concerts in New York, who is said to take after his illustrious sire in dress and manner, if in nothing else. He too has an eye upon the Music Hall.

—Here memory fails; hosts of new-comers we have seen mentioned somewhere; whether we herald them or not, they will not hide their light under a bushel, for artists they all are in this modern art of arts called *advertisement*, if in nothing else. To come back to the more wholesome and important matter of our own domestic fare:

For classical Chamber Music Boston will not thirst in vain. It is now considered settled that the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, weary of wanderings, will stay at home and draw the bow *pro aris et focis*. So we shall not experience another winter without a hearing of the Violin Quartets and Quintets of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann and the rest. And the pianists we have always with us, as many and as good as one can reasonably wish. Leonhard and Lang, Perabo and Parker, and as many more risen or rising into at least local fame: what more need we have? And they all play the best kind of music, making their appeal mainly and directly to the best kind of audience. Content with these, why need we sigh for Lisztian virtuosity clad in the beauty of Eve's daughters! Then we have such singers as Kreissmann, Mrs. Barry, and more, soulful and intelligent interpreters of what is best in song. The two "Conservatories" also will keep up their perpetual round of chamber concerts.

The visit made us last May by the Mendelssohn Club of male part-song singers from New York, has had the effect to quicken a vague ideal or desire for

something of the same sort which has long existed here, into some positive, organic action. The result is the formation of the amateur Club, of which we copy an account below. It is a welcome sign. But it suggests yet other wants, of which we shall have more to say.

LEIPZIG CONSERVATORY. The following communications, just received, will be of interest to many:

A CARD.

The undersigned has been requested by Director Conrad Schleinitz, of the Conservatory of Leipzig, to publish in some American paper a Card, containing the desire of that gentleman to possess for his album a photograph of all Americans who have studied music at the Leipzig Conservatory and have been honorably dismissed from the Institution. Calling the attention of all concerned to the above, I take pleasure in offering my services to those intending to come to Germany with the intention of studying music, languages, etc. Every information by which they may be benefited will be cheerfully given, and an "International Educational Guide" for the instruction of all will soon be published.

EDWARD WIEBE.

Leipzig, June 4, 1871.

[late of Springfield, Mass.]

Leipzig, June 4, 1871.

JOHN S. DWIGHT, Editor "Dwight's Journal of Music."

DEAR SIR:—I take pleasure in being able to contradict assertions, made some months ago by several Boston music advertising sheets, that Kapellmeister CARL REINERKE soon would follow Carl Glogner to Boston. The Kapellmeister has never thought of leaving his European sphere of usefulness in which he has been so admirably successful for more than twenty years. Mr. Glogner has been replaced by Mr. Konawka, and it does not seem as if the Leipzig Conservatory has been the loser by the departure for America of the first named gentleman. Yours, etc. EDW. WIEBE.

CAPOUL, THE NEW FRENCH TENOR, who is to be a member of the Nilsson opera troupe, has won an unequivocal success this summer in London, at Her Majesty's Opera. The *Musical World* says of him:

Mr. Capoul is perhaps the most irreproachable French tenor in the Opera Comique style since Mr. Roger, whom he resembles in very many respects. He sings like Mr. Roger, acts like Mr. Roger, and even looks like Mr. Roger. There is the same delicately refined management of the "head notes," the same redundancy of expression and gesture, the same predilection for "tempo rubato," which distinguished his renowned predecessor, for so many years the glory of the Rue Feydeau. We can easily understand the unanimous favor with which Mr. Capoul has been accepted by French connoisseurs, and can as readily believe that he will win unanimous acceptance in any country where genuine art is understood—seeing that, in his way, he, at the present epoch, stands alone. His voice is by no means so rich and powerful as the voice of Mr. Roger, but it equals it in sweetness of quality, is quite as flexible, and quite as much under the control of its possessor. Mr. Capoul's view of the character of Faust is precisely that which every French artist adopts; and as the *Faust* of Mr. Gounod is an opera essentially French in its tendencies, no one can logically object to that view, especially when we take into consideration that the masterpiece of the distinguished French composer had already been heartily welcomed in Germany before its production by Mr. Mapleson at Her Majesty's Theatre, when M. Gounod himself was in the house. M. Capoul both acts the character in the French manner, and sings the music in the French manner; but as in either case what he does attains the acme of perfection in the school to which he belongs, it cannot fail to please. We need not enter into details. Enough that at the end of Act 1, when, by the art of Mephistopheles, Faust is once more restored to youth, M. Capoul had produced an impression not be gainsay. This, in spite of certain drawbacks not dependent upon himself, was strengthened as the opera went on, and his tender and graceful, if somewhat spun out, rendering of the well-known soliloquy "Salve dimora," which was unanimously asked for again, confirmed M. Capoul's success in so emphatic a manner that there was no fear of the sequel. The sequel, indeed, showed an end, worthy the beginning. This result is the more to the credit of M. Capoul, inasmuch as his brief career has been exclusively devoted, if we are not mistaken, to the repertory of the Opera Comique, to which it is scarcely necessary to say *Faust* does not belong.

A NEW MUSICAL CLUB IN BOSTON. The Easy Chair in the current number of *Harper's Magazine* discourses in its usual pleasant vein on a recent concert by the New York Vocal Society, an organization composed of the best singers in the metropolis, and devoted to the practice and performance of madrigals, glees, and matter of a kindred nature. It is not the first time he had aggravated us by reports of entertainments the like of which, despite the assumption that Boston is the musical centre of America, have not been heard here. There is a mine of music in the old English writers, which might be worked to the most profitable advantage, not only of part-songs, but of solos for every variety of voice. The coming season, however, will, it is confidently expected, bring some reforms in this direction. First, in the Dolby Ballad Troupe, whose intention, it is said, is to present selections from English writers mainly in the way of both solo and concerted matter. But the concerts by this company will be few, and its departure will leave us almost as hungry for the simple but nutritious food as it finds us. By the new society now forming, the want long felt by music-lovers and students, generally, and by those who have read of or heard the madrigal societies in New York especially, will be to some extent supplied. There is, probably, no abuse of confidence in stating all that is known of this organization. The active members will be limited to one hundred, and will include nearly every good male voice in the city. The associate members will number five hundred, and besides an admission fee will be subject to an annual assessment, thus creating a fund for such necessary running expenses as rent, compensation for a conductor and pianist, and providing as well for the formation of an adequate library. The Chickering Club, though forming the nucleus of the new society, will continue its present course independently. All will unite in the election of trustees and other executive officers, but with the active members only will rest the choice of conductor, and from their number a music committee will be appointed. The associate members will have certain privileges of admission for themselves and friends to the rehearsals and concerts, it being intended that one of the latter shall be given monthly. It is to be understood that the club are never to sing "for money," and thus much of the jealousy which seems to be inseparable from professional people will be avoided. And the entertainments, instead of serving as means of introducing one or two good musicians, whose efforts are made to extinguish those of every one else, will be, as they ought,—and as those of the New York society are said to be—logical arrangement and an amalgamated composite. The gentler sex will not be admitted to membership. But, if there should be a demand for performances by mixed voices, ladies may be "invited," as is now done in making up the choir of the Handel and Haydn Society. Such an association deserves all the encouragement that can be given to it. And there is room for still another. Among the works of modern masters are many cantatas and choral compositions of a secular character, which cannot be taken up by the Handel and Haydn Society; such as Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*, Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*, and others without number. These works, it is true, may be performed by the new society, but as its concerts will be given to a limited circle, those outside will not be permitted the opportunity of enjoyment and edification which would be afforded by a club, organized and conducted like the Handel and Haydn Society.—*Sunday Courier*.

NEW YORK HARMONIC SOCIETY. The election of officers, to serve for the ensuing year, took place recently, and resulted in the election of the following officers: President, Thomas J. Hall; Vice-Presidents, James H. Todd, Dr. James Pech; Secretary, F. R. Barbutey; Conductor and Musical Director, Dr. James Pech. This society will, during the coming season, give, in conjunction with the soloists of the London Sacred Harmonic Society, Miss Edith Wynne, Mme. Whytock-Patey, Mr. Wm. H. Cummings, Mr. F. G. Patey, and the renowned basso, Mr. Santley, a series of oratorios and cantatas comprising "Elijah," "Samson," "Judas Macabaeus," "The Messiah," "Creation," "Acis and Galatea" and the "Hymn of Praise." The chorus is to be three hundred strong, and the orchestra will be composed of sixty-two performers. The New York Harmonic Society in previous years has done good service in the cause of religion and musical art, and if within the last few years its energies have been somewhat paralyzed by untoward circumstances, the directors at the present time are evidently determined to carry through the coming season with the utmost vigor.

MUSICAL PROJECTS IN PHILADELPHIA.—The extraordinary success of the open air concerts of Carl Sentsz's Orchestra, at the Männerchor Garden, has encouraged their enterprising leader to form new projects of a musical nature on a much grander scale. Early in the autumn—say in October—he proposes to give a couple of monster concerts in Fairmount Park. He will reinforce all the available talent of this city, with additions from New York, Boston and Baltimore, and thus create an orchestra of about one hundred and fifty. As there can be no charge for entertainments in the Park, he hopes to have the money for the necessary expenses contributed by liberal citizens. It may be expected also, that the city railway companies, which would profit greatly by the concerts, will each give a handsome sum. As these concerts will be on a particularly grand scale, they will attract thousands of strangers to the city, and the hotels, as well as the railroad companies, would thus derive benefit.

We merely allude briefly now to this one project of Mr. Sentsz's, and add a word concerning another. It is to arrange for a continuous series of open-air concerts next season, with a much larger orchestra than the present one, to be given in a much more spacious garden. He has his eye on one or two localities, either of which, if obtained, would be as good as Central Park Garden of New York, or better. He would aim to have as large and as fine an orchestra as Theodore Thomas, and as the admission price would be equally moderate, there can be no doubt that the concerts would be as attractive and popular. Everyone visiting the Männerchor Garden concerts on a fine evening must know, from the crowds that attend them, that the Philadelphia public crave good music, and will pay for it even in a limited space and from a small orchestra. If Mr. Sentsz can carry out his design for a permanent series on a much more extensive scale, it is quite certain that the support given him would be proportionately liberal.—*Eve. Bulletin.*

This will be a Symphony night at the Männerchor Garden. Each Wednesday evening Mr. Carl Sentsz has determined to indulge himself and his audience with a complete Symphony in addition to other pieces. Last Wednesday he gave a charming Symphony by Haydn, and next Wednesday there will probably be one of Beethoven's. The success of these open-air concerts has been extraordinary. The good music, the pleasant company, the perfect arrangements for comfort and good order, and the excellent business management of Mr. Torchiana combine to make the concerts the most attractive ever given here in the summer.—*Ibid, July 19.*

NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT. We find the following in a Cincinnati paper, and copy it for what it may be worth. But will this hook-harmonium play everything in "octaves"? Heaven save us! And save us also from that dreadful day when "Music of the Future will be played in every house."

Among the patents issued last week was one to Mr. Thomas Atkins of this city, for a new musical instrument. A working model of this instrument can be seen and heard at the piano rooms of Atkins & Co., 161 Fourth Street. It presents externally somewhat the appearance of an upright piano, and has a similar keyboard and action, including hammers and damper. In other respects it differs from the piano, having no strings, no tension, and consequently fewer imperfections. The tones are produced by the hammers striking upon steel hooks of a peculiar construction. These hooks have three prongs, the center one being used to attach the hook firmly to a metallic support. The outer prongs differ in length, and herein lies the value of Mr. Atkins' discovery. We speak of it as a discovery, not an invention. Mr. Atkins, who is both an excellent musician and an ingenious mechanic, has devoted years to the construction of an instrument that would obviate some of the insuperable imperfections of the piano. In the process of experiment he hit upon the hook of the form described, and upon testing it, discovered, to his delight, the development of a new acoustic principle, the only like discovery made in nearly a thousand years. When struck, the hook gives out not only a pure unstained tone, but a perfect harmonic. It would be long to tell how many years have been wasted by musicians in reaching after the effect which Mr. Atkins produces by this contrivance. Liszt himself spent some years in experimenting with tuning forks, but found himself limited to a scale of about four and a half octaves. Others have tried, and after tedious labor have met with no better success. The attempts to construct a keyed instrument out of steel have hitherto been fail-

ures. Now imagine Mr. Atkins seated at this novel instrument. It is as if a musical box fifty times enlarged were playing. The high notes have all the brilliancy of strings, but in descending the scale the tones approach the *timbre* of wind instruments, like the organ. The purity of tone throughout makes other musical sounds comparatively coarse. It is continued and singing, and its volume is regulated by the touch of the player and the pressure of the pedal; its only harmonic is the octave. It is a wonderful success, considering the steel hooks were forged upon an ordinary anvil, and have flaws and imperfections that will be avoided when they are cut by proper machinery. Doubtless there will be many modifications and improvements, but there can be none in the acoustic principle developed. Theoretically its power is without limit. It would be as easy to give it a range of ten octaves as seven, and its volume may be vastly increased by greater bulk in the steel hooks. Chimes could be as readily constructed as an instrument for the concert room or parlor. As there is no tension, it can not get out of tune, and nothing about it out of order but the action. Its simplicity, its durability, its quality of tone, its possible cheapness of construction, point it out as the instrument on which the "music of the future" will be played in nearly every house in the country.

AMERICAN ART AND GERMAN MAGNANIMITY.—Under this head the *Christian Union* (the Rev. H. W. Beecher's Organ), has the following remarks:

At that very interesting trial of skill which took place at the recent German Musical Festival—we mean the Sing-Tournament—an incident occurred which reflects great credit upon both the American and the German character. In one of the departments, there appeared (for the first time, we believe, at any of these German festivals) an American club, the Choral Society of Washington. As this company filed upon the stage, the contrast between their very physique and that of their Teutonic rivals was striking; and when they began to sing, the difference was still more manifest in the *timbre* of their voices. Now the Germans have been always charged—especially by disappointed American performers and composers—with clannishness and prejudice against everything that does not emanate from a German source. We do not doubt that there is some truth in the accusation. They naturally prefer the types of art with which they are most familiar, and which they have made illustrious in all the world. They naturally turn with disgust from the crudities and the superficialities which sciolists would fain palm upon the unskilled public as works of merit, using the matchless skill of German performers to cover their deception.

On the occasion to which we have alluded, American art was most fortunate in its representatives. The Washington Choral Society, under the leadership of a young amateur of the Capital, furnished the best example of perfect choral singing, so far, at least, as dynamic *chiaroscuro*, the light and shade of expression—was concerned, that it was ever our good fortune to hear. Yet an old and eminent German professor said to us: "Ah! you must have German voices, if you want the true music of the Männerchor." He preferred the broad, rich diapason effect of the organs to which he had been accustomed—coarse and strident as he confessed they frequently were—to the more graceful, flexible, Italianesque voices of the Americans. It was only a question of *galatin aux truffes* and champagne against lager, leberwurst and kartoffel-salat.

But what we wish to signalize in the affair is the generous reception accorded by the Germans to their American brethren, their hearty appreciation of genuine excellence in an unexpected quarter, and the still more creditable sequel which we proceed to specify. In the first place, the prize (a \$700 piano-forte) was awarded to the Americans; in the second place, the German managers added a present of a *happ*; and finally a subscription has been started to make the \$700 Stock a \$1500 Steinway. This is honor at once bestowed and reflected. We shall not soon forget the pride and pleasure awakened in us by the full-voiced Teutonic salutation, the showers of bouquets, and the evident largeness of welcome with which the American society was received on that occasion by an audience purely German, and the unstinted applause that was heaped upon them as they retired. And we rejoice especially to know that such magnanimity will draw other American Societies within this most salutary art influence, and that that progress of our people in music which is almost entirely referable to it will thus receive a new impulse, and lay us under fresh obligations to our German fellow-citizens, to whom we already owe so much.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Songs.	J. R. Rockel.
No. 1. <i>Orphan Gertrude.</i> 4. D to e.	35
" 2. <i>Midnight Song.</i> 4. Eb to e.	40
" 3. <i>Going to Sleep.</i> 4. A to d.	35

"The shadows grow and multiply.
I hear the thrushes evening song."

"The moon looks down on a world of snow,
And the midnight lamp is burning low."

"Orphan Gertrude,
Little bird out in the rain:—"

The above couplets give an idea of the text of these three songs, which is in exquisite taste, and the melodies are well adapted. The mixture of major and minor keys give an air of sadness to the music, which will be none the less effective for that, and all are well calculated for Alto or Baritone voices.

Happy Hours of Long Ago. Song and Chorus.

3. C to f. M. Keller. 40

Fine lithograph title and taking song.

Waiting for Papa. 2. G to f. F. Wilder. 40

Lithograph title. Pretty child's song.

Instrumental.

La Bohemienne. Fant. Brillante. 5. G. E. Ketteler. 60

A compound of lightness, brilliancy and power, and very effective when played with spirit.

Happy Thoughts. 3 Easy Pieces. L. Streabog. 25

No. 2. Rondo Villageois. 2. C.

Reminds one of an air in *Martha*. Very neat, and will bear a strong accent. For little learners.

No. 3. Reverie. 3. F.

Golden Echoes. E. Mack. 30

No. 1. Ye Merry Birds. March. 2. F.

Well-known favorite melody.

No. 3. Danube River Mazurka. 3. G.

There are 24 "Echoes" in the set, but the "Danube" echoes sound as pleasantly as any.

No. 4. Little Maggie May. 3. G.

The variations are too short to be tedious, and all is pleasing.

No. 5. Russian National Hymn. 2. Ab.

Melody of the "Prayer for Peace."

Cape Girls Galop. 2. F. L. Mason. 30

Good for Cape girls, but all are welcome to galop to it. Try it on the sea sands.

Golden Stars. Six Easy Dances. L. Streabog.

No. 4. Polka Mazurka. 2. G. 25

" 5. Galop. 2. C. 25

" 6. Quadrille. 2. 40

The Quadrille is more difficult than the others. The whole set excellent for beginners.

Rhine Galop. 3. Bb. Henry Eckmeier. 30

Varied by runs, beats, arpeggios, chords and octave passages. Powerful and brilliant.

Tyrolean Song without Words. 3. G. E. Pabst. 30

Of the general character of "Sounds from Home"

Waltzes. Very rich and sweet.

Le Chant de Berceau. (Cradle Song). 5. F. E. Ketteler. 40

Charming lullaby. Modulates to the key of D and back again, and is brightly graceful.

Three Sonatas for Four Hands. Pleyel.

No. 3. 4.

Like the other numbers, neat, classical and sweet.

Mignon Fantasie. 4 hands. 4. C. Concone. 75

Air and variations, with a pretty "Italian air" character.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, (about one cent for an ordinary piece of music). Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

